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THE BOYS IN THE BED

A Plowright Publication

CHAPTER I: JERRY

I hadn't ever knowd a guy like Frank before. Oh, I'd fucked with guys. I done that ever since I was seven, but — I don't know how to say it. I ain't too much at explaining things — but Frank was the first character that ever made me feel like it was more than just something you do with your peter, or with the other dude's peter — like, you know, like it was *feeling*, being a part of somebody else. I guess I don't know how to say it.

I was hitchhiking, and I was kinda down, and this Frank he picked me up. I could tell right off he wanted my ass — not that I minded giving out — but he didn't go after it like other guys did. He had good manners and a real good education, but he wasn't no snob. He ast all kinda stuff about where I was from and what I did and what I was interested in, and even if my answers was pretty stupid, he sounded like real interested in what I had to say, and goddam, I told him things I ain't never said to nobody before!

Anyhow, it weren't more'n an hour before we was back at his pad — it wasn't the swankest I ever see exactly, but it was pretty damn fancy, and I liked it, which was something I couldn't say for the other lush places I spent the night in. It just seemed like the sort of place where he wouldn't have no fit ya knocked over a coke or something — but maybe it was him that made the place seem like that.

He didn't order me around like some guys who think that because they give ya a damn lift, they own ya, and he wasn't all uptight and embarrassed like some. And he wasn't in no hurry to do it and get rid of me.

I weren't in no hurry either. I had half a notion about going to San Francisco next couple days, but no particular reason. So after he fixed up some kinda real great meal with shrimp and rice and I told him it was real great but he says it weren't nothing, we ended up on the bed together just sort of measuring our meat and kinda working it up, which I ain't never had no trouble doing.

I came out a little ahead, but not by too much, but what surprised me was the way Frank turned me on. I hardly ever been much turned on before by any guy I had sex with. I'd get turned on sometime by somebody I couldn't get, but most of the guys I fucked with were guys that picked *me* up, and like, if they'd pick me up I guessed they wasn't all that special.

But this Frank was something else!

I liked his real clean, smooth body, but it was his eyes, which was teasing one minute and like sad the

next, that sorta got me in the gut. While I was laying there wondering was I gonna suck him or was he gonna fuck me, or what, I got to feeling like I wanted him more'n anything I ever wanted before. I wasn't usually like that, but man! I really flipped!

But he seemed like the kinda cool cat that didn't go for that mushy stuff, so we just went kinda easy like, and I got the good feeling like maybe this would be at least an all-night visit even if I was goin offa my nut with wanting to ask him could we make it a real long-time thing?

But shit! What would a educated dude like him want with me except for a one night stand?

I knew I felt something crazy when he put his hand, soft and cool, on my balls. I knew we was gonna start out with him sucking me. And I felt so good about that I shook hell out of the bed with sighing.

He stopped to ast me was something wrong, and I wanted to say how great his hand felt, but all I says was no, nothing wrong.

And he put his lips on my cock, and they was as hot as his hands was cool, and I jumped so, it felt so damned wild, and he ast me again was something wrong, and all I could say was go ahead.

I been sucked rough, and I been sucked sloppy, and I been sucked by guys who act like they got a turd in their mouths and can't wait to spit it out, but Frank sucked me like my peter was the most beautiful thing on earth. He sucked me the way ya'd suck something like a flower that ya wanted to taste all over but ya didn't want to mess up.

I never knowed before how many different kinds of feelings you can have in yer peter all at the same time when somebody gives ya a real personal blow job. And that was what made it different, it being so personal. He wasn't just chewing on a hunk of meat, and he wasn't just bouncing his mouth up and down to see how fast he could make me come. It was like he was doing fifteen different things all at once inside his mouth and everything aimed at giving me a charge, at making me feel great.

It was real personal. That's the only way I can describe it. When his saliva bubbled over the head of my cock, or when he put his mouth all the way down and sucked at the hairs or gave me some of his teeth, it was like he was trying to pick up on what I told him about the ranch when I was a kid.

I know that sounds crazy, but that's how it felt, and it sure did work! I never got more worked up before in my life. I came like a goddamn firehose! It would of

liked it too.

I was slow coming this time, though it felt like for over 20 minutes I was going to shoot any second, so he got his tongue down in the crack of my ass, and oh Jezus, how good that felt. It also felt like a real compliment. Ain't never had no one do that to me before, and it really blowed my mind.

Then he turned me over and sat down on my cock, and he give it a workout like it ain't never had before. And when we just lay there with our arms on one another talking some more, mostly him tellin about how his old man was an army medic and he grew up near Army camps in Georgia and in Panama, and how he went to school to be an architect and was working in a big office and liked it but wanted be on his own . . .

CHAPTER II: FRANK

This guy Jerry didn't seem to have a sentimental fiber in his body, but he sure hit me like a cyclone, the moment he got in my car. I liked his rugged good looks, the way he would look fairly plain from one angle, and indescribably handsome from another. And his manner: so completely unphoney!

He talked a little about the run-down ranch he grew up on in New Mexico — he wasn't a great talker, but he seemed to be saying so very much more between the words — about how the purple mountains looked in the background, about his dreams of the days when his people roamed free all over the Southwest, and I got sloppy sentimental and was real determined to take him home and see if there was some way I could persuade him to stay. But I guessed that was hopeless, cause he seemed determined to go to San Francisco the next day or so, though he didn't talk as if he had anything waiting for him there.

But he seemed at ease at my place, and he was perfectly relaxed about sex. I'm pretty clumsy in bed, but he put me at ease so that things just seemed to go right. Right isn't the word for it — I've never had it go like that!

It was after we went out to the living room, maybe around midnight (it was about 8 P.M. when I picked him up) that he told me he used to hang around the corrals and give the cowhands blowjobs, and how he'd taken a lot of man-sized cocks up his ass before he was eight years old. Me, I hadn't come out till just over a year ago!

Jerry was sitting on the sofa. I had climbed up on the arm of it with my penis hanging down almost in his face, and after a few minutes, he laid his head back against my groin while he talked and I felt myself transported back to the Canyon de Chelly region maybe a couple hundred years ago. It's one of the most breathtaking sights in the American desert, and sacred to the Navajo. It was a cold but indescribably beautiful night, and we were both braves waiting out our initiation, watching for a shooting star we knew was just about ready to appear, and each with an arm around the other's waist . . .

it was like the sort of vision that mystics talk about, but then I came out of it and Jerry had his cheek against my leg, his tongue reaching out to the head of my penis, his lips closing warm over it, and I think it was at that point I got the idea that maybe it was his dream I had somehow tuned in on, and that this made us something like blood brothers, or maybe that was yet to come. Anyhow, all the time he was sucking the hell out of my penis (man! was he good at it!) I was eating my heart out for some way to talk him into forgetting all about going to San Francisco and moving in with me. I was even thinking about pulling up stakes and going there with him. I could always get on with Baker and Van Mies. They did much more imaginative work than the firm I was with here.

It didn't seem any strain for Jerry to fellate me in that position — I think most guys would have found it awkward. And to my surprise, it was no strain for me to reach down at the same time and stroke his handsome penis, which felt beautiful in my hand, as I knew it would feel beautiful in my rectum when we got to that. As I handled it, it was like I could feel it inside my rear, throbbing, thrusting, pounding . . .

Then we shifted positions. I was amazed at how relaxed he made it all. Everyone else I've had a go with it's always been a frantic race to see who can get their rocks off first, but with Jerry it was all easy, like floating in a dream, an easy floating, heightened with fiery passion, but not just driven with nervous excitement like sex is so often.

The feel and pattern of his pubic hair drove me wild. With me, and with most guys, that's just a patch of unruly hairs, but Jerry's was like a neat, bushy black moustache curved handsomely over his penis.

I like sucking a guys balls, but most guys are too sensitive. Jerry liked it, even when I popped them hard in and out of my mouth. That amused him. By the time I got to his penis, he was telling Indian jokes, the kind where he was putting himself down. I wanted to tell him not to sell himself so short, but I had my mouth full, so I just let him get it out of his system.

I've never known anyone else to come like him. Where most guys shoot barely a teaspoon full of semen, Jerry would blast out a cupfull, and I had a time holding it in my mouth, though I didn't want to lose a drop.

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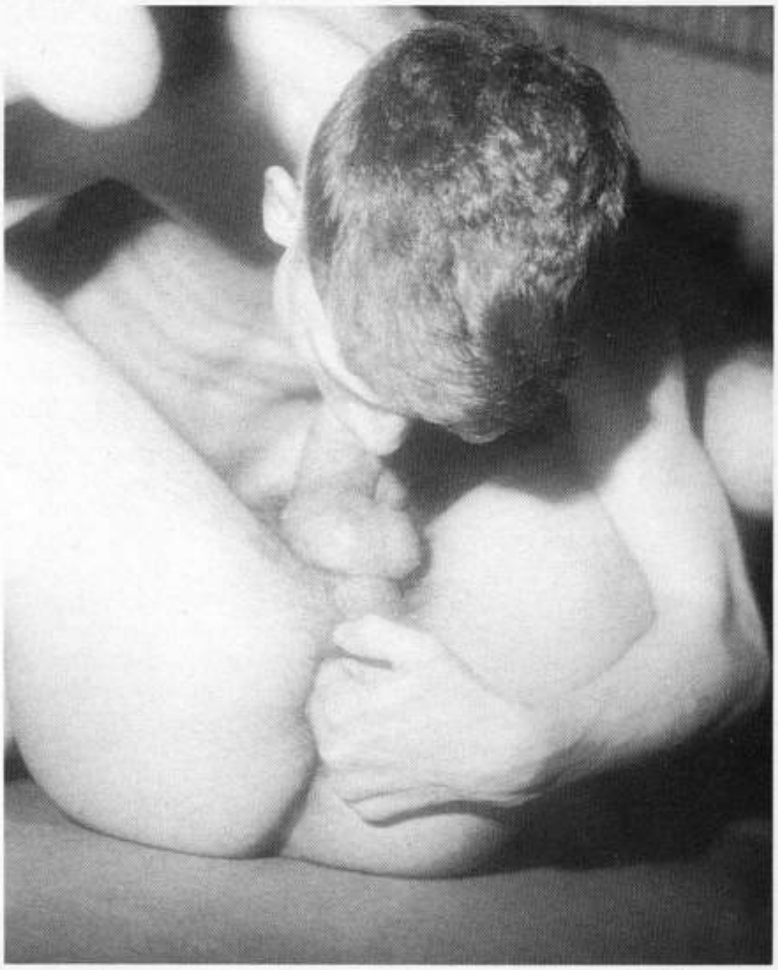
We rested awhile. I turned him on to Grofe's Grand Canyon Suite, some Yma Sumac, and Iron Butterfly's Enagatadavida, none of which he's heard before.

Then I went for his tail. I've never been much for rimming — thought it sort of dirty — but the clean beauty of his tail was a magnet, and the long hair around it shot me through the roof! I licked his rounded cheeks, sucked into the cleft, lapped at the hairs, pried open the sphincter with my tongue then buried my nose in it, and all the while my penis was jumping up and down like a dog straining at the leash.

It was a funny feeling. He was bent over while I rimmed him. You ordinarily think of one guy jabbing his prick into another's rear, but it wasn't like that. It was as if his spirit was all focused on drawing my flesh toward him, into him, on uniting us this way, on making my penis part of his body. All the rest had been foreplay. As I was drawn into him, we seemed to become one. The substance of me that I left inside him would, I felt, keep that union forever.



CHAPTER III: JERRY

I fucked a lot in my time, and I played a lot of pool, but I sure never fucked on a pool table before the next morning at Frank's. I had been a beautiful thing that night — I'd never before knew that fucking was something you could get yer whole soul into, and still fully enjoy the fucking part of it, and then we'd slept, a real deep, peaceful sleep, all tangled up together real nice, and I think I dreamed my dream, but when I woke up in the morning, with a mocking bird outside burning up the air, things was peaceful like, well, I don't guess I'd ever felt even a little peaceful, and this morning the peace was just all over me . . .

He showed me the pool table after breakfast, and I guess I liked playing pool more than anything, at least before I met Frank. We played for maybe four hours. He wasn't no slouch, but I guess I beat him like 2 to 1 without sweat. In a lotta ways, I'm a real loser, but I don't lose very often at pool. I play for blood.

Then after lunch, he suggested we use the table for another sort of game. I was slow, and didn't get what he was driving at until he'd backed me over the table and got my jeans halfway down, with his peter pressing

hard against my butt.

He said something funny about sinking his cue in my pocket, and I says anytime, and he says, buddy, you keep your pocket handy and I'll keep it full for ya. That made me feel real warm inside, but I didn't figure he really meant it like an invitation for me to stick around permanent like.

Anyway, his cue fit my pocket real snug, with me bent over the table liking it real good. But he said he wanted to 69 first, so we climbs up on the table and took our clothes off, with a lot of horsing around and kissing, and then we got end to end and just about swallowed each other's peters.

Pool always works my trigger up, so I shot in his mouth almost as soon's he got my peter in it, and I kinda kept on dribbling, so he kept sucking me like a maniac even after he come himself. Then he poked a finger up inside my asshole, and kept jabbing at something that set off lightning in my head. That made my peter harder'n more sensitive than it's ever been before. I had to tell him to go easy — but not to stop for damn-sure — cause it was getting to hurt, and when I started to come again, I like to pass out.

I think I did pass out. My eyes was open, but I couldn't see nothin, except black, and a sort of dream of his sucking me, and jabbing his whole hand up my ass, and we was both shooting stars, and then I was like a desert creek in a cloudburst, washing over a whole valley, making it something new . . .

He bent over then and I fucked him. It started out gentle, but halfway through, I went crazy, and I tore up his ass like I ain't never done before, and he kept begging me to hit it harder. I think he was imagining being attacked by a wild Indian, like in the movies, but we was both in that spirit and I bloodied his ass something terrible. I was like crazy while I was doing it. I felt guilty after, but he says it was what we both wanted, and was a good thing, even if we never do it that way no more.

CHAPTER IV: FRANK

I think Jerry needed the catharsis of raping me — and I guess I've had as many masochist fantasies as the next guy, so I enjoyed it even if the pain was excruciating. I didn't figure the pain was over after we climbed down off the pool table. I wasn't sure I wouldn't have to see a doctor, but at best, I'd have a sore tail for a week, and much as I wanted Jerry to fuck me again, I supposed that would have to wait.

But like I said, he needed the feeling of mastery. He was a put down guy, with a very low opinion of himself, but he had no cause at all to put himself down. I knew I had to work on building up his self-respect. I wanted a partner, not a slave, even if that idea was tempting too. So I'd also have to figure out a way to get him a good job — something that would challenge him, and wouldn't look like he had me to thank for getting him the job.

He'd drifted around a lot, and seemed just about on the brink of either getting himself together, or becoming a skid row drunk. But when he mentioned that he'd done some construction work, I figured that my neighbor George could help out. George was into steel construction — I'd worked with him on two downtown buildings we did the plans for and I hoped he'd be able to fix Jerry up with something just right.

Jerry didn't carry any wallet or keys, or the usual stuff a guy has in his pockets, but he did have some ointment that he worked into my tail. It was soothing. And even with the soreness, the finger-fuck felt bracing.

We watched TV awhile, both piled into the same easy chair, went out for a Chinese dinner, came back and petted and talked. I asked him if he could put off his San Francisco trip awhile and move in with me, and he got nervous and said he was complimented by the offer, but didn't think he ought to take charity.

I said I wasn't offering charity, except in the Bible sense (and don't get the idea I'm a Bible quoter) that love and charity mean the same thing. Then I came right out with it, kneeling in front of him:

"I love you, Jerry. I want you to stay with me."

He said nothing. I couldn't read his expression — if he had any. I felt pretty down.

"I need a job," he finally said, ignoring what I'd said about loving him. "I can't find no job in this damn town. That's why I want to get to San Francisco. I gotta

get outa this damn town."

This was getting me so upset I had to get out of the house. We went out to the garden. It was summer, and not dark yet, though it was pretty late. The backyard's up against a raw hillside, pretty private, though not entirely cut off from the view of someone who might be hiking over the steep rocks above, and I've kept it pretty natural.

We went outside naked — Jerry didn't even seem concerned about whether neighbors could see us — and sat on a pile of moss, and just took it easy awhile. Then we had a jackoff contest — that was Jerry's idea — to see who could shoot the furthest.

I knew right off he'd win that one, and he did. My cum landed about an inch forward of my penis, and his shot out in a great arching, churning stream to land fifteen inches away. I made him feel even better by saying that I probably couldn't even urinate that far.

Overcome by tenderness, he bent over and kissed me, then went down on me, still holding his own penis, which had shrunk only a little.

"You know," I said, "I've never felt so at ease with a guy before. With you, I do whatever I feel like, but it isn't like you gotta touch first this base and then that one just because the rules say how you have to play the game."

He didn't answer, but maybe that was because he was busy on my penis. He must of worked on it for an hour. I didn't come, and got to feeling guilty about it and apologized.

He did answer then. "Hey man! Remember what you just said. We ain't playing by nobody else's rules. I ain't down here because I gotta make you come now. I'm doing this cause I like doing it, and, man, you really mean what you said about me sticking around, I'd spend the rest of my life kissing your peter, if you *never* came again."

Well, I found out I was wrong about him not having a sentimental streak. We both got fairly mushy, and frankly I can't recall whether we slept in bed that night or out in the yard. It was like we just melted together somehow, all warm and restful, and after awhile, it was early the next afternoon, and we were in the yard, still, or again, and Jerry sucking me, his fingers gently rocking my balls, my hand softly on his back.

After I came — this time coming a gusher like he did — we lay back on the rock and the conversation seemed to pick up naturally where we'd left it the evening before, Jerry saying, "I want to stay. I really do. But only if I can find a job. I don't wanta be just a squaw

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man. I gotta hold up my end."

"I think you'll be able to," I said. "Hey, let's not get mushy again. You stand up now and let me see if I can get any blood out of your turnip."

He laughed, stood up and guided his penis to my mouth. I swing my whole body back and forth on it. I didn't get any blood — I think he expected me to — but I sure got a charge of the sweetest, richest sauce I've ever tasted.

We spent most of the day out there, and most of the day I had my tongue up his sweet rectum, or else was sucking him. The first few times he shot in my mouth it seemed like far more juice than I could handle, especially since my mouth was already jammed with his penis, but after a few times I learned to swallow the first spurts as they came, holding only the last and tartest to wash around with my tongue as his penis withdrew.

We had coldcuts outside for a late lunch, and a barbeque near dark. We didn't go inside even to piss, though we can't overdue that and stink up the place. I'd only come once all day, keeping a steady hard-on, telling him I was saving it for his tail. It was almost dark when I gave it to him. I half tried to bruise his asshole the way he had mine, but I just didn't have the equipmen or the will to hurt.

CHAPTER V: GEORGE

Frank and I been sharing tricks for well over a year, and while I didn't see him bring this Indian kid home, I'm enough of a nosy neighbor that it wasn't long before I knew he had company.

I figured I was due for an invitation to make it a threesome, but two days passed and it didn't come, so I finally decided it was time to "borrow some margerine."

They were hard at it when I knocked on the door. I had to let myself in, but Frank at least had enough presence of mind to say, "Hi George, been expecting you. Got time for a little bounce-about?"

Did I have time? I always have time when there's fresh fucking meat available, and even if the Indian didn't look like much to me at first glance (Frank didn't either, first time I saw him — I guess everybody has types they naturally warm to) he sure turned me on once I climbed on the pool table.

They stopped what they were doing, jumped me, stripped me down, ("Hey, you're tearing my shirt!") and flopped me back-down on the table and went to work. The Indian got my cock and Jezus, what a sucking he gave it! Frank went after my nipples, which as he well knows, just about drives me crazy.

I like to feel the teeth when I'm having my nipples sucked, but this time Frank just about bit them off. I came three times before I'd been there more'n a half hour, and it was at least as much what Frank was doing to my nipples as what the Indian was doing to my cock, which in itself was something to write home about.

His head bobbed up and down and twisted around side to side wilder than anybody I'd ever known before, with his jaws and his tongue going like three crazy buzz-saws.

I don't mean I was complaining. Man, I ain't been serviced like that since the time I took on twenty guys on a troopship heading back from Korea!

But I ain't circumcized, and when that dumb Indian tried to operate on me with his teeth, that was too damn much! I came flying off that pool table, with my cock shooting joy-juice all over the room, and just for a nutty moment, I thought I was out on a high desert plateau watching shooting stars.

It took me a half hour to cool down, and I don't know whether I was shook most by coming like I've never come before, I mean *never*, or about the fact that my foreskin and my tits were both bleeding, not really anything serious I guess, but there was a couple nice bright streams running down my chest, and a lot of blood all over my balls, though I doubt if I lost more'n a couple shot glasses of blood. Once I got used to the idea, seeing my own blood turned me on, so I didn't really mind when those two vampires went after licking

it up, just so long as they didn't bite anymore.

They went right back to their old positions, using their tongues a bit to spread a bit of my red paint all over me. I made some joke about their trying to turn me into a redskin, and I got a pretty clear idea that Frank didn't like that line of joking. He had a real crush on this aborigine, but I was beginning to understand how he could feel that way.

Jerry (it wasn't till then that Frank introduced us) didn't mind being joshed, and he took it up himself, telling Frank to tie me down so they could scalp me, and I wasn't absolutely sure that the damned savage was joking.

I guess I must have more masochist in me than I'd ever thought, cause right away I started seeing a lot of scenes from Indian movies about scalpings, and my cock came up harder and bigger than it'd ever been before. It began wig-wagging like a fucking railroad-crossing signal.

Jerry stood up. "I think paleface really wants to be scalped." He got a large pocket knife out of his jeans and opened it. I put cum on the ceiling, (with some blood in it from my bleeding foreskin) and I nearly passed out with fear and frenzied joy.

They were busting their sides laughing when I got my wits back.

Jerry handed me the knife.

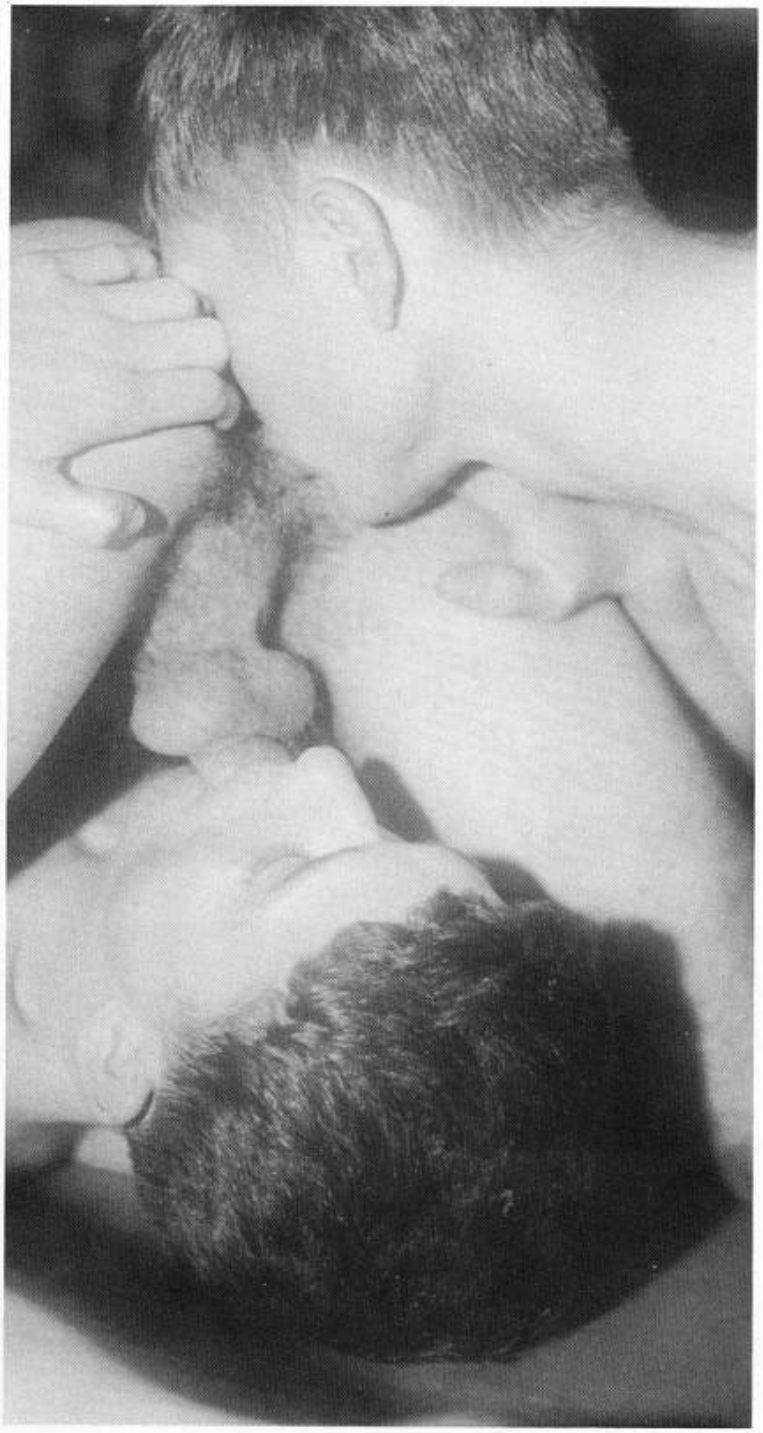
"I'm a good Injun," he said. "I never even had the *desire* to scalp nobody — and I've never bit anybody before today, at least not enough to draw blood. Why don't you scalp me? Injun scalps used to bring good money."

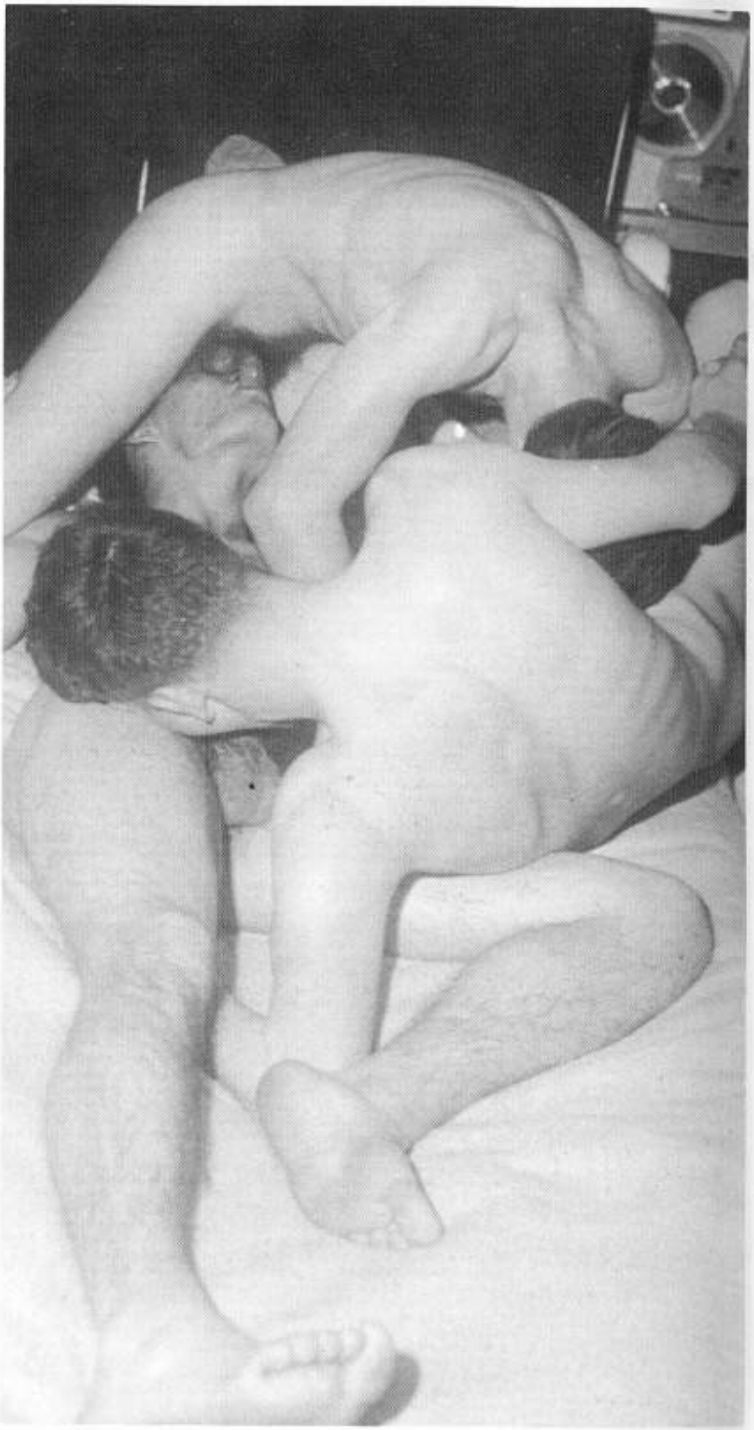
"I think I could gladly castrate both of you," I said, half bitter and half laughing, and they both held out their cocks to me.

I didn't trust myself to get near the Indian with the knife, so I stuck the point of it against Frank's cock, just enough to break the skin a little, but it didn't draw more than a drop of blood.

Then we put hte knife away, our S-M impulses having reached their limits, and rested awhile, all in a heap on the pool table. After which they finished me up, giving me the best workout I've had in years. I never knew Frank to have so much spirit in sex. I liked the guy, but he'd never before struck me as much of an expert sexually.

Now he was. This Jerry exercized some sort of mysterious influence over him, and Frank was really a different person. They gave me a servicing like I've never had before, and by the time I was thru their saliva seemed to have healed my wounds — they didn't even hurt anymore. I've heard about these Indian witch-doctors, and how they're always homosexual. But I was just a piece of meat, an extra tool for their love-making.





CHAPTER VI: FRANK

George was so shook after we worked him over, I didn't figure it was time to ask him about a job for Jerry. I didn't know just how upset he was about the scalping play, but as he left I invited him to drop in again next day.

It was getting near the end of my vacation, and I figured I had to pin Jerry down with something good before I went back to work or else he might not stay around — no matter *how* well we fit sexually. I figured he'd be likely to bolt the first time I left him alone for a full day. I guess I needn't have been worried.

And I needn't have worried about inviting George over. I had shared most of my tricks with him, but Jerry was too much more than a trick, and I really hadn't meant to share him, but I'd forgot to lock the door, and then I did want to see if George could get Jerry a construction job. I wasn't sure George would

do any favors if I held out on him. But the main reason I hadn't invited him over was that George didn't usually go for anyone who wasn't pure white, and I wasn't sure how he'n Jerry would mix.

I still wasn't sure. I don't know how it happened that both Jerry and I drew blood, and I think it really shook George up something bad, followed by that joke about scalping him. I think he really took that serious — I guess he thinks Indians really do that sort of thing.

Like I said, I needn't have worried. George was back and piled right into bed wtih us next morning before breakfast, him on Jerry's cock, Jerry on mine and me on George's. With that for an appetizer, we got up for a lumberjack-type breakfast, and I mentioned to George that Jerry had done some high construction work.

"Great!" George said, really beaming with goodwill. "You need a job, I can put you on the new bank building on Seventh downtown tomorrow. It's top pay-scale — you'll be making more than Frankie-boy here."

Jerry absolutely beamed at that. He really had a thing about not wanting to be kept, and he kissed George so hard I began to get jealous.

But Jerry let me know, fast and definitely, where his real feelings lay.

George had caught that earlier.

"You know," he said, "I always enjoyed sharing tricks with you, Frank. I never get too serious about anybody — leastwise I ain't yet — and for me a three-way's more fun than two. But it's clear that this ain't no trick you got here."

He patted Jerry on the head. "Looks like you two found something that I don't know nothing about, and I think I oughta bow out."

Jerry looked at me, and I swear he read my mind.

He said to George, "If it don't bug you, us billing and cooing like a couple love birds, you're welcome to do some bouncing with us now and then. And I think we'd take it as a personal affront if you didn't join us today — if for no other reason that to show that we can have hot sex without biting."

"Let's take out our violence on his clothes," I said, grabbing George's shirt collar, then stopping to ask if it was a shirt he'd terribly mind losing.

"I learned yesterday that when I get near you two, I only wear clothes that are expendable."

And with no further invitation, we ripped his shirt and pants to shreds and carried him back to the bed, dropping him on his back and both sitting on him, we with my penis in his mouth, and Jerry sitting so he could grab George's penis and his own in one fistfull for a neat jackoff.

Jerry came first, naturally, and using his own cum as lubricant, sat down on George's cock and started bouncing.

George managed to get his hands free from under our legs and got hold of Jerry's cock, and after awhile of bouncing, we all three came at the same time, Jerry's spurt landing on the small of my back and streaming down onto George's chest.

"Jezus!" he said. "You two are something else! Look, you guys ain't been out of this place for days. What say we all go to the beach?"

We did. Have you ever took part in an underwater threesome in heavy surf?" Try it some time on a crowded beach . . .

CHAPTER VII: JERRY

I just couldn't hardly believe the coincidence about Frank having a neighbor who was able to put me right on the kinda job I like best — and would you believe I'd tried to get on that very job just a week before?

I hadn't been in Frank's car for more'n ten minutes before I knew that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him — but it was quite awhile before I knew if he felt the same way. I just didn't want to be no burden on him, and I really figured that there wasn't no kind of job for me in Los Angeles.

I've tried to explain to Frank what it is about high steel work that turns me on. Not that I have to explain that or nothing else to Frank — he really just takes me like I am, no pressure.

But I want to have him know what I feel up there on those steel beams, looking down at the street 20 or 30 floors below. And I can't seem to put it into words. It's a lot like real wild sex. It's like the height, and the swaying, and the hardness of the steel, and the danger, and the joy of balancing, all seem to settle a lot of old scores that ain't gonna be evened up any other way. It's a way to be a "Brave" without having to fight somebody else's war in Asia.

Oh, I tried that too, and it made me puke.

Don't guess that makes any sense at all. But what I mean is that the job means almost as much to me as having Frank. No, I don't mean that so much as I mean that the job makes it possible for me to have Frank and my pride at the same time, and that means a hell of a lot.

Frank and me settled into living together real easy after he went back to work, and I started working too — I started a couple days before he did, and Goddamn the overtime! They had us working ten-twelve hours every day, Saturdays too, and I guess me'n Frank didn't do much heavy fucking for a few days—they was working him pretty hard at his job too. He was putting in as much overtime as I was, but we sure was making money between us.

My hourly pay was still better than his was, and he knew that made me feel good, but really, he had a lot of other income from stocks and rent and stuff, so between us we had a real fancy income and I got a lot of new duds and we got some new things for the house, and I got me a T-Bird, and we was really livin it up, or at least we was getting set for some living anytime the work load got lighter.

No, I don't mean that. I liked the work, and he liked his, and we fit together like hand and glove the time we did have together, even if neither one of us was exactly bursting with energy to spare.

But it don't matter how hard you work, and how long the hours are, the old peter gets hard now and then (mostly mine got hard at work when I was thinking about Frank) but at home, half of the time, I was too tired to do much.

Still, there's ways of having sex that don't take much bouncing about, and any night, no matter how tired I was, it was beautiful to just stand or lay there and have Frank go down on my peter, and there wasn't a night that I was too tired to return the compliment, even a couple nights after 16 hour shifts, or one day when I took a nasty fall and came home all shook up and bruised.

That wasn't so bad after all. I wasn't hurt real serious, though I guess I shoulda been. I got two weeks off with pay, and George took part time off to be with me, and we had a royal ball!

I mean we fucked night and day for just about two weeks, except he was going to work about three days a week for just a couple hours.

We tried it all sorts of different ways.

We had a bathtub that was like a small pool. We fucked in that with just our noses above water, trying the water hot, cold and lukewarm. We jacked off together holding our breathe with nothing but the heads of our cocks above water. We turned the shower on sharp as we could get it, stinging hot or cold, and fucked one another under it.

We fucked in the kitchen, and we sucked, covered with everything we could think of, from honey to tomato paste to salt and pepper to olive oil — and sometimes it didn't work out real great but all the times it was fun, even when we got sneezing fits from the pepper.

We covered our cocks with red pepper for sucking, and that's quite a thrill if you can take it, but I sure don't recommend it for browning. You gotta be real careful what you put up your ass, cause sometimes it's still on fire a few days later.

Frank told me about how lonesome he was as a kid, and how much he wanted to get with some of the soldiers on the posts where his old man was stationed.

"But I never knew what it was I wanted with them, and none of them ever gave me any lessons."

"I sure got plenty lessons," I said.

I could hardly believe that anybody who wanted it that bad could go til they were twenty years old and still not get it and not even know just what it is they wanted. And it was hard for me to believe that Frank was all that shy when he was a kid, but if he said so, I believed it.

We found out one peculiar thing — we both had dreams sometimes that seemed to come from my side of the family, and we didn't always have to be asleep to dream together. We could play certain kinds of music, and maybe smoke a little grass, or I got some

peyote sometimes and I mean that really did the trick! We'd just stand or kneel facing each other, each of us jacking off so's our cocks was touching, and purty soon, if it worked, we'd both be up on that high mesa waiting for our shooting star, and after that sometimes we'd see all sorts of wild things, but I don't even know how to describe them — except that they always had some voice telling us to join with our brothers.

I had had part of the dream before I met him, and much clearer when we learned how to make ourselves dream together.

I used to think that my brothers were all our old tribes, but after I met Frank and we became brothers, I began to feel that maybe it was something else in the dream, that maybe it was guys who love other guys, I don't know. I wish I was better at putting the words together. I just know that our tribes, some of them anyways, had a better idea of that kind of brotherhood than the "whites" do. . . .

And even most guys I had sex with, they didn't think it was something like looking for brothers, all over the world, but just fucking.

Fucking's a part of it, and a good part, but it's more than that.

I think my vision is an Indian vision all right, but it's a gay Indian vision, and now I've given it to Frank, maybe he'll be able to put it in words so some others can understand what being Gay really is. . . .

It wasn't all having visions.

We found more different ways to have sex than anybody, I bet. We fucked one another with one sitting in a chair, and we rigged up a swing out back and fucked, sucked and even 69ed while swinging back and forth.

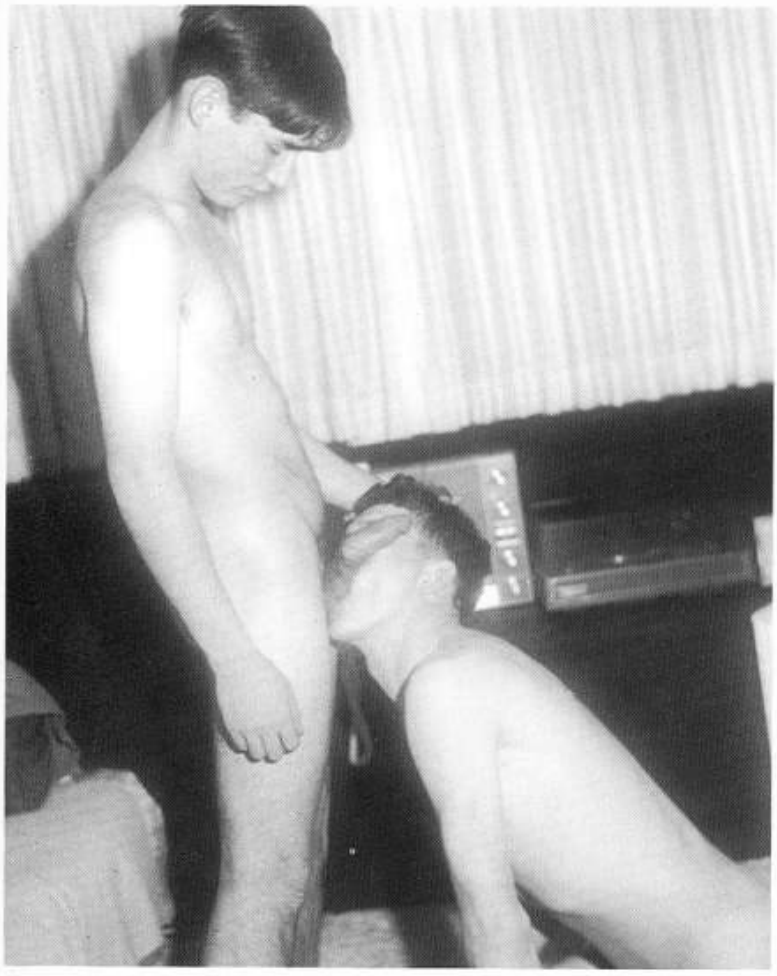
We tried it with me standing behind the swing and Frank swinging back for a lick of my peter. It worked that way, but when he turned around and pointed his butt at me while swinging, it like to put both of us in the hospital.

But I got him a few good pokes in the hole before he nearly broke my cock off.

One of our favorite positions was one of us sitting on the other one's chin, dropping the ole cue into the pocket, like Frank liked to say. I never got tired of that one, there was something specially close about it, and maybe because it was such an easy position and neither one of us had ever done it with anybody else that way before.

I think maybe part of what feels good about it is like being helpless underneath someone you love and trust.

Frank was fascinated by my trying to explain how what I felt working on high beam was something like sex. So we put up some wood rigging out back and we fucked on a couple 2x4's set about ten inches apart



over ten feet off the ground.

They was real shakey the first time we did it, and Frank didn't want to stay up there very long, but I shored them up so even if they still swayed a lot, they was real secure, and before we was thru, we even learned to fuck hanging from our chins.

It was fun actually, real creepy, sometime when the whole damned thing got to swaying, but with all the far-out positions, I really liked best the simple old ways of doing it.

And for me, for both of us I think, nothing beat 69. I feel like I want his whole body right down on mine while were at one another, and all the warmness there, with both of us completely in one another. When I get his peter in my mouth, it's like he turns me on through and through, and like I can feel right through his peter into his heart and stomach and all that.

And I just wish I could describe the way my peter feels in his mouth, with all hell breaking loose in there. All I can say is no other guys who's ever blowed me ever felt anything like that, even though some of them was damned good.

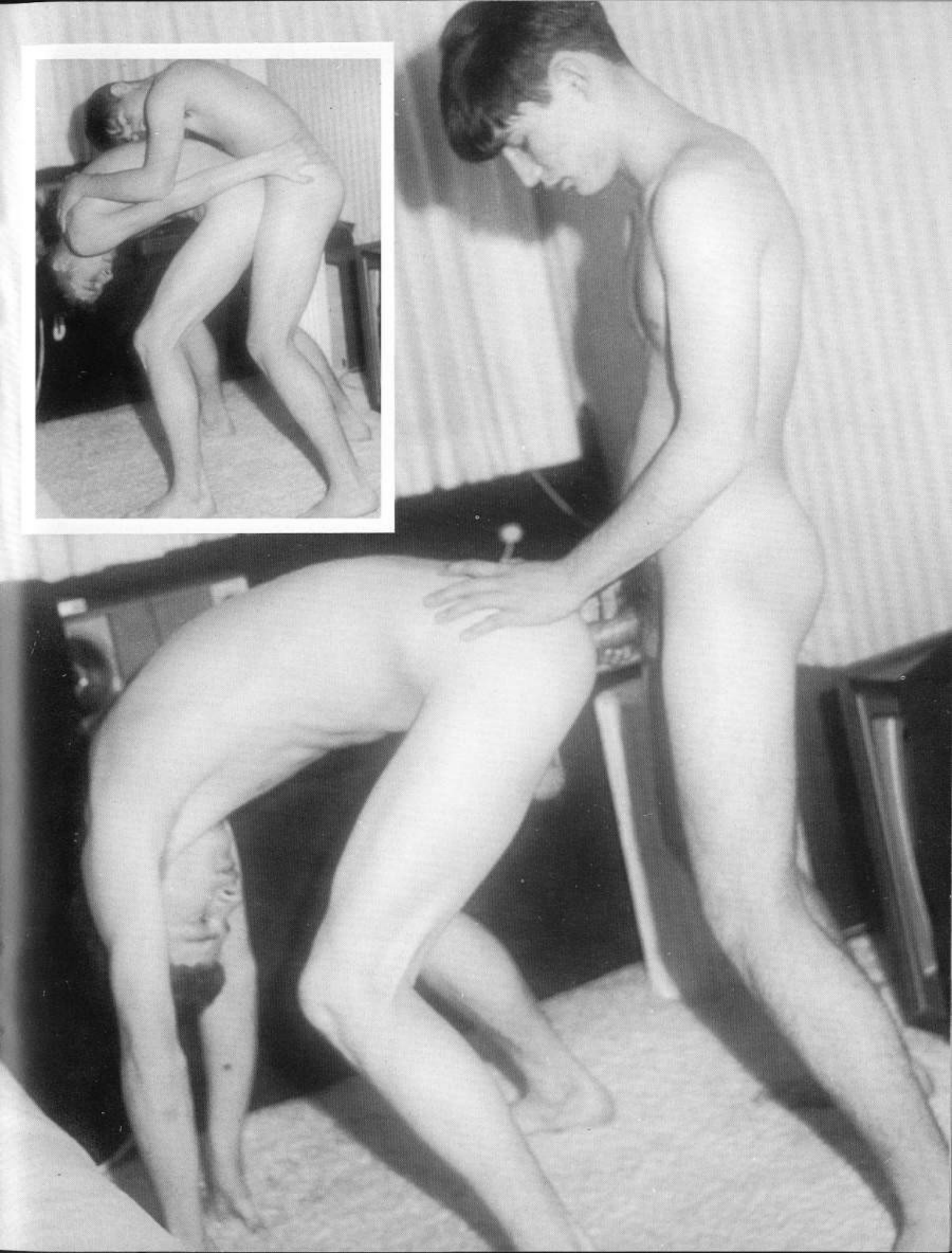
Rimming him was something I didn't take to right off. I had all sorts of funny feelings about that, but it's a great way to free yourself, once you get the feel for it, once you get over being afraid to put your mouth there, to put your tongue right in, and you find that it's a clean hole after all, clean and sweet, and real goddamn intimate. I think you never really been intimate with a guy until you really been turned on by kissing his ass. There just ain't nothing like it. Some guys do it just as a sort of lead-up to browning, and it's good for that, sure, but its good for itself too.

I always been super gentle browning Frank since that one time, moving in and out like his ass was made of spider webs and I didn't want to mess them up, but there's a feeling building in the back of my head that says that pretty soon I want to really rip into him again, and this time I think he'll know how to take it so's it won't hurt no matter how hard I plow in to him.

He can fuck me just as hard as he wants to, and I get him to some times, though he's pretty much inclined to be gentle unless I egg him on, and it don't hurt at all, leastwise no more than a quick jab of pain that's all over in a couple seconds.

I been thinking about having him put some of them rubber "tickler" things on his cock. Some of them look pretty rough, but I don't think he could hurt me even if he used something a little bit sharp. I just know how to loosen my asshole, and its like whatever comes in there comes in by my invitation and I'm ready to make it feel at home.

Course we joke about using a cactus. I bought a big potted sahuaro, two feet high and almost a foot thick—but that's strictly a joke. Even I couldn't take that, and wouldn't try even if the size was right.



CHAPTER VIII: FRANK

Jerry and I were approaching our first anniversary, and our relationship was still growing. That has been a constant source of amazement to me, since it seemed perfect beyond belief right the first few days, and it didn't seem like the sort of thing that could grow better, and keep right on growing better.

Part of it was the change in Jerry himself. He was terribly down on himself when I first met him, considering himself unattractive, a complete failure, and stupid. About the only thing he was really proud of was his skill, and more his doggedness, at pool. Even there he knew he couldn't go up against the real sharpies.

But that's all changed now. He's sure of himself, without being stuck up, and he has a lot of real reasons for pride. He's pretty damned good looking (if I do say so myself) and he knows how to dress now to look his best.

He's turned out real good on the job — George promoted him to foreman last week, and George (who's also prejudiced in Jerry's favor) swears he's the best man he's ever seen at that kind of work. He brings in a handsome income, and has been investing it wisely, with maybe a little advice about stocks and bonds on my part.

And he knows that other guys find him attractive now. He's learned how to use that attractiveness so that they turn on pretty much the same way I turned on to him.

I thought I'd be jealous at first, maybe I was even a little the first time he told me about having sex with two other construction workers — they were also Indians, from upstate New York — but the way he told about it was just too beautiful, just too liberating for him, for me to get uptight about it.

It was the dream thing again, but a different dream from ours. He was working with these two tall, handsome guys, thinking they might be eastern Indians, but shy about approaching them, when it chanced that the three of them rode out on one long eye-beam that was being swung into place, Jerry on one end and Jack and Hank on the other, and Jerry had a vision of a peaceful valley with a beautiful stream flowing through it, and three men lying down together and making love, while the moon overhead came out of the bowels of the sun, and several friendly wolves stood and watched, keeping guard it seemed like.

As soon as the vision passed, Jerry practically looked holes in the other two. He felt sure that he'd picked up on their dream and added something to it, and their faces, even from a distance, looked to him like the sun and the moon.

As soon as the beam settled into place they secured it, they pounced on him like a long lost brother.

"You dreamed with us," Hank said, half accusingly, half in a burst of joy. "You multiplied our dream. The two of us were lovers and you have made us three."

Jerry was shook, but he knew by now how powerful such special dreams can be. Hank and Jack scooped him up and rushed him off to their place as soon as work was over — which was about a half hour. They were good for him — opening up things in his spirit that he hadn't known were there, but they absolutely refused to meet me, and tried hard to talk him into

sticking to the blood.

"Frank and me," Jerry told them, "*are* one blood. Our blood has flowed together and our spirits have united, and we can dream together at will."

They finally decided that maybe I was okay for him, but they still refused to meet me. They did introduce him to several other dreaming pairs, including a few other Indian-Caucasian couples like Jerry and me, and we soon had quite a circle — with George included.

We could sometimes tap into the dreams of other pairs, but even though Jerry could tap into Hank and Jack's dream, it was closed to me. But I became increasingly convinced, through some sort of dream or just a feeling I had which I couldn't pin down, that that door was about to open for me.

There was no strain in our relationship — it was amazing the ways he had to put my mind completely at ease that things were still right with us — but for about a month, he would be away sometimes for two or three days and nights on end.

It was like a time for me to recharge my batteries, and I figured I'd be ready for him when he came back.

We had reached a point — even before he met Hank and Jack — where some night we would just lie together, maybe his head between my legs and one hand

gently clasping my cock and balls, and it would be like the most subtle, the most complex sort of electricity passing between us, and sometimes I would come two or three times with him just holding me.

And this was what happened the night he came back to me after a full week with Hank and Jack and some of their friends. We lay that way for hours, then drifted off to sleep — after I'd come five times with his hand just lightly around my penis and testacles.

But while we slept, I dreamed Jack and Hank's dream, and even in my sleep I was singing with joy. But I dreamed it different from the way Jerry had described it. I saw the two lovers first by the stream, and I saw the third join with them then, but I saw that the third was actually two persons joined, and that the first two saw only the one and wouldn't accept the other, so that the third began to fade out until they would accept his wholeness as he was. And when they began to accept him, I saw several other pairs of lovers, and then hundreds — first as shadows, come into the glen, and all join as one great illuminated body.

We both woke up trembling and sweating, knowing that we'd dreamed it together, that we had developed Hank and Jack's dream a stage beyond what they were ready for, and also convinced that we would soon see a new development in our own dream.

Then, as if we felt suddenly cleaned out and charged up at the same time, we went back to pure and simple sex, Jerry going down on me like he'd never tasted it before, and me coming as if coming had just then been invented.

cum, I had my tongue down into his cleft again, just lapping it up. It was kinda a repeat of our first week together, except it was a weekend. We rolled and tossed on the bed from late Friday until Monday morning, doing the same old things, the same old wonderful things, over and over, me sucking his cock until it was cherry red, and sucking his rectum until my lips were numb, and him going down on me again and again, taking my cum again and again.

We both gave out a tremendous lot of protein, but not much of it was lost, just recycled.

But every time we did it that weekend was like new all over again, whether it was Jerry playing my penis in his mouth, or me sucking on his.

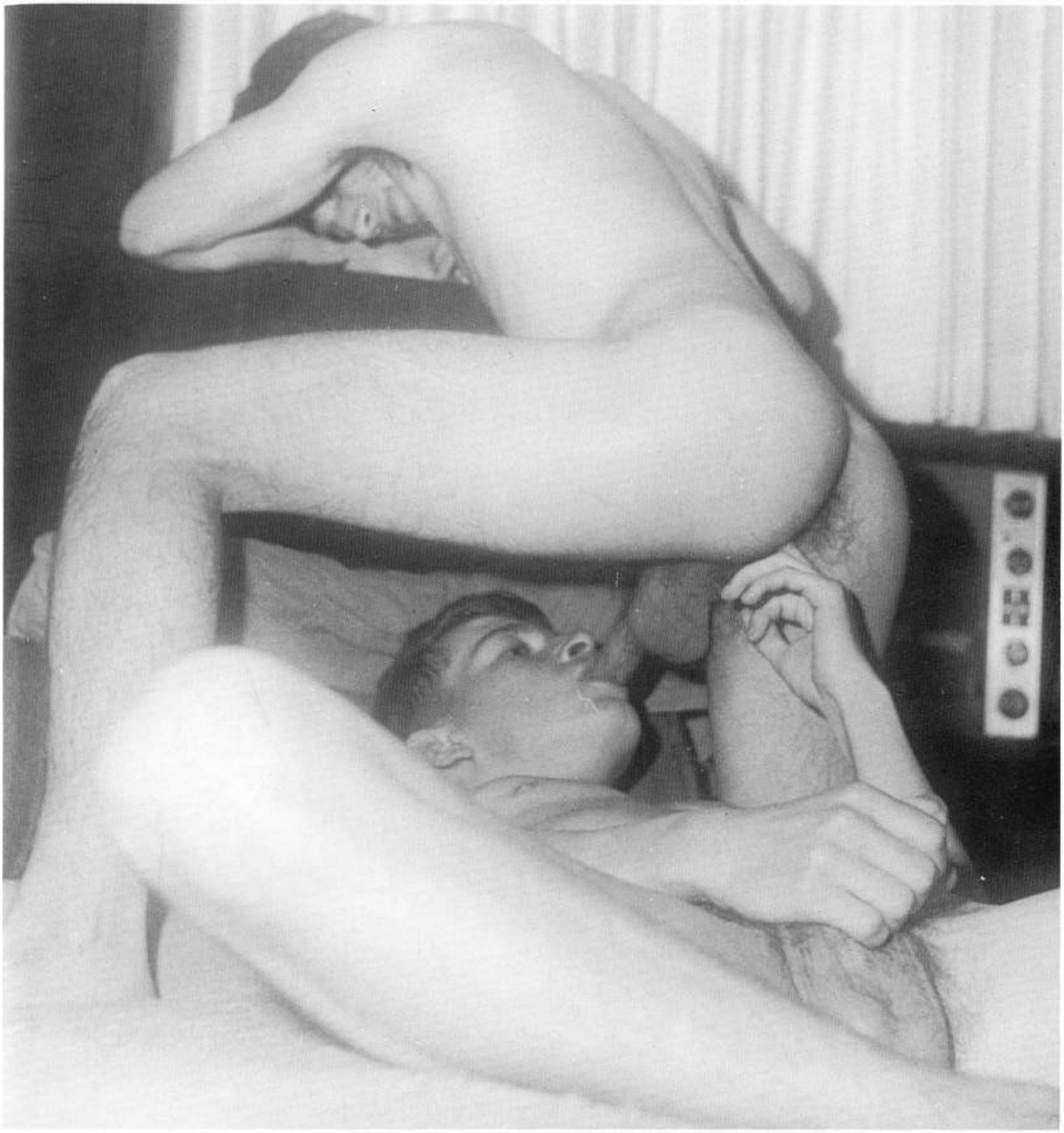
"I hope ya don't mind me going off all that time with Hank and Jack," he said, but he knew I didn't mind.

"I need them, like college for me," he said, and then the conversation halted while we went through another 69. It didn't much matter what position Jerry and I got into, it always seemed to fit.

But something weird took place while we were at it, something that went past the dreams, something that told me Jerry and I would be joined soon with Hank and Jack and with many more, in a union that was all at the same time spiritual, emotional and physical.

And then I went limp and Jerry did what he had been waiting to do for a long time, to fuck me like he meant to poke it all the way through, like he meant to really tear up my ass.

But if my penis was Jerry's icecream, I think his rectum was mine, and before he'd finished taking my



With me on my stomach, he lifted my legs and dropped down rough on top of me, driving it like a pick ax, in and out, to the right and left, hitting, grinding, and I was like off on a cloud, part of me, I was a shooting star hanging over a grassy valley, ready to fall into a silver stream.

My rectum was on fire, crimson with blood, and the pain was the sharpest I'd ever felt — but it wasn't as if I felt it. My own cock and balls were crushed on the floor, and twice his knees came down on my balls, and I could hear my voice screaming in ungodly pain, but like I said, I was off on a cloud, peaceful and painless, watching.

His attack lasted over an hour. He came in my bloody rectum more than three times. And he was doing some pretty wild screaming himself. I imagined that they were the yells of a warrior. I imagined that I was being raped and scalped at the same time, and then hung up by my balls — and then I broke through and knew that what seemed to be happening to me was not happening to me at all — that I was witnessing, feeling, being a part of something that had happened to Jerry's spiritual grandfather at the time of the great Spirit Rebellion 80 years ago.

I awoke hours later, and if Jerry had actually raped me the way I thought, there was no sign of it, no sore-

ness at all.

We lay a long time in each other's arms.

And this youth, whom I'd at first thought to be pretty stupid — that in fact was part of what turned me on at first — talked, very perceptively now, about how it was to grow up in a demolished culture, where even if the tribe still held to its old values, all the surface effects of another apparently superior culture were all around, making it hard to see that anything Indian was in any way good.

I said that growing up Gay in a het background was just about the same. All the things you learn to do are made for another pattern of life, and you have to discover, almost by accident, the patterns that really fit, that really work for your own kind of life.

"Well, I guess you put the two together, and you got something real explosive," he said, bending over to kiss me again. "You think we can put the two currents together — not just the two of us, we've done that already, but I mean really marry the old wisdom and magic and dignity of my people to the underground wisdom and strength of Gays?"

"Well, we could try," I answered. "By the way, when am I going to see Hank and Jack?"

"How about tonight?" If you don't mind an Indian initiation. . . ."

Hollywood Sendoff

by Harold Baskin

I had won the top acting awards all the way through high school and my folks knew that my ambition was to go to Hollywood and try to make it in the movies or television. On graduation day they told me they would support me for a year in Hollywood, if I'd promise that, if I got nowhere in that year, I'd return home and go to college. With parents like that, I almost hated to leave. And, there was my best buddy Whitey.

Something strangely special bound me to Whitey. From the first day I met him, three years ago, I called him my "best friend". There was a closeness between us that I never felt with anyone else. And now I had to say goodbye.

I really had mixed emotions when I went over to his house that last night before leaving.

I ran right up to his bedroom and burst into his room. He obviously hadn't heard me coming because he was lying in bed, stark naked, jacking off. His other hand was fondling a thick, silver-studded black leather belt, which he dropped to the floor when he saw me. A look of fear came over his face which, somehow, seemed more connected to the belt, than with me catching him jacking off. His cringing filled me with a feeling of mastery and I knew that Whitey would do anything I told him to do.

I had never had sex before, never even seen anyone's hard-on but my own, and didn't even know it was possible for two guys to have sex together; but now I realized what that special feeling between us was. It was love and sexuality combined.

Whitey was kneeling in the center of the bed, holding the sheet over his crotch. He stared, wide-eyed, at me as I stripped and knelt on the bed next to him. I pulled the sheet off him which made his hard-on bounce up against his belly with a loud thump. I was overwhelmed by the desire to feel his beautiful huge prick. My hand closed over that velvet-covered steel rod and I knew that this was what I was searching for all my life. When I felt his hand on my cock, I threw my arm around his neck and, for the first time in my life, I kissed a boy.

I don't know how long that kiss lasted but I got dizzy and we toppled over onto the pillows, but neither of us released the other's cock. I wanted a closer ex-

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amination of his wonderful tool, so I leaned over him and as I got closer, I wanted to kiss it. I did, and then I touched it with my tongue. I ran my tongue down to the balls and up again and repeated that many times. I had the crazy notion of sticking that cock in my mouth and sucking it like a lollipop. It wasn't easy to fit it all in, but after wetting it enough the first few times, and stretching my mouth and throat, I went all the way down to his bush of hair and back to the tip, over and over, faster and faster. His legs were spread wide and his hips were thrashing wildly, when he suddenly jumped up, pushed me onto my back and he started sucking on my dick while jacking himself off.

I didn't think that was fair so I scooted my body around so that my head was between his legs, grabbed his huge dong out of his hand and shoved it all the way down my throat. I thought I had invented a new position.

Looking up over his balls I could see the crack of his ass as it opened and closed with his thrusting hip movements. And when it opened, there, for the first time in my life, I was seeing an asshole. What I always thought would be dirty looking, was clean, the same golden tan as the rest of his body and the puckers seemed to loosen and tighten in rhythm with his thrusts. I made a mental note to investigate further.

But my attention was drawn back to the cock in my mouth which suddenly expanded in throbs and I realized that Whitey was shooting his load. I hadn't thought about that before and there was no time now for thought because it triggered me off and I was doing the same in Whitey's throat. I felt like I was shooting a quart of cum into Whitey and he had done the same to me. His cock felt so good in my mouth, I didn't want to take it out immediately, so, hoping it couldn't harm me, I just swallowed the cum, and from the pressure on my cock and the gulping sounds, Whitey had evidently come to the same conclusion.

We relaxed, or I should say, collapsed, for a while

with our arms around each other, when I told Whitey about my amazing "Asshole Discovery".

He said, "I've never seen one either. Lemme see yours, please, please?"

I laughed, and in one leap landed on my knees at the edge of the bed. I stuck my butt up as high as I could get it. Between my legs I could see Whitey squat on the floor behind me. He brushed his fingers lightly over my cheeks and then zeroed in on my hole. His fingers going around and around my puckered ring were getting me hot all over again. My asshole was as sensitive as my cock, and my cock got hard immediately. Whitey's hand started pumping my bat as I felt something wet and slimy circling my hole. Since I could see him jacking himself off with his other hand, there could be nothing else on my asshole but his tongue. The tip was making smaller and smaller circles until it was dead center and then he shoved. I almost flipped my gourd when that tongue entered. It sent chills up my spine. He must have been at least two inches inside my ass and then he started pumping it in and out and in circular motions that were driving me fruit.

"Farther, push it in farther," I gasped. He pulled his tongue out and stood up, to get better leverage, I thought. But he had another surprise in store for me. I thought he was trying to shove a doorknob up my ass but he had both hands on my hips. That could mean only one thing, the cock I fell in love with, wanted in, and I was going to do my damnedest to help. When I squeezed, it hurt, so I relaxed and prayed that he'd go slowly. And he did. It was like a slow-motion movie. Whitey just leaned forward and let his weight sink it in, in one long slow movement. His gentleness removed my fears of pain and it didn't hurt a bit. The feeling of being so stuffed full of someone I cared for, flooded me with a sensation I could only describe as love.

When his balls hit mine I knew he had hit home. He withdrew and came back in again and again, gradually increasing the speed. It's impossible to describe the

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sensation, I only knew I wanted more.

"Faster, harder, shove that thing like you really mean it." He must have passed the speed of sound because I was rocked by a sonic blast. I could feel jets of his cum squirting in my rectum and I was nearing my own blastoff when he slipped out and fell on the bed, his monster cock still shooting geysers up onto his shoulders. I flopped down beside him with my bat sticking straight up and throbbing, I was that close to coming. I figured it would be awhile before Whitey recovered, but he wiped a handful of cum from his shoulders, smeared it into his asshole, took a fast suck on my cock, jumped up and straddled me, caught the tip of my cock between his asscheeks, squirmed around until it found the entrance to his hole and then, splat! With one fast shove he was all the way down to my balls — and I had started coming when he was only halfway down. He raised his ass up and down wildly about five times and then lost his balance and fell completely off the bed.

As he lay on the floor laughing, between gasps, I wallowed in a feeling of luxury I'd never felt before. I stretched, arched my back, spread my legs as wide as I could and squeezed my asshole, imagining Whitey's beautiful cock still up there, and more cum poured out of my cock.

"We're not gonna waste that," said Whitey as he crawled back on the bed and started lapping up my spilled milk.

"There are two things I want to ask you about, Whitey."

He interrupted his lapping-up operation to say, "Go ahead."

"How about you coming to Hollywood to live with me?"

"I was hoping you would ask, Lefty, I'd go anywhere with you. And what else did you want to know?"

I felt that rush of power spread through me again, as I said . . . "Now . . . about that belt . . . !"

Not For Sale To Minors